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principle which pervades this curious work is, that two covenants were made with Abraham—one for the son of the bondwoman, and one for the son of the free; whereof Islamism is the spiritual representative of Ishmael—even as the true religion is of Isaac. The hypothesis is curious; but to every sober, unprejudiced inquirer, will, we are persuaded, appear perfectly destitute of any foundation in scripture, or indeed any where else but in the imagination of the author.

He ranks Mahomedanism second indeed—but only second to the Christian dispensation; and seems to think it admirably adapted for preparing the immense proportion of mankind, among whom it prevails, for the ultimate reception of the gospel faith.

Burckhardt's *Travels in Arabia* are united with Mr. Forster's work in the same article, and form the sole subject of the paper. The revival, by Sir Howard Douglas, of the old dispute as to who broke the enemy's line, in Rodney's battle of the 12th April, 1782, occupies rather more room than we think the interest now taken in the subject by the public in general, altogether justifies. It is written, however, with the great good sense and right feeling which almost uniformly characterise the sentiments of *Quarterly*. The Tithe question, the Renewal of the East India Company's Charter, the Laws of Real Property, and the Practice and Proceedings of the Courts of Common Law, form the subjects of other four papers, while the leading article of the Review is on the best means of providing subjects for our schools of anatomy, and the eighth and last relates to our internal policy. Here we have again to observe that not the least notice is taken of the books of which the titles are recited at the head of the paper, "but that's not much" in this case. This article is making what Cobbet calls "a and fuss" in London. The parts about Trade and Currency and so forth, are timidly and weathly written, as if the writer (Southey we believe), either had no decided opinions upon the subjects of which he treats, or else was afraid to speak out what he thinks, in his anxiety to be exceedingly courteous to all parties; but when he comes to discuss the composition of the House of Commons, he handles the subject with great truth, shrewdness, and delicacy. It is somewhat startling, however, to find the *Quarterly Review* proclaiming to the world that "Many of the signs of Revolution are upon us." But we wax prosy and political, and must forbear in time.

Christian Examiner, and Church of Ireland Magazine, for February.

We have peeped between the leaves of the forthcoming Number of the *Christian Examiner*, and rejoice to perceive that it pursues its way with more than wonted vigour and variety since the commencement of the present year. The Number now on the eve of publication, seems not inferior to the last in any respect, and this is no light praise. We suspect we are somewhat indebted to the *Dublin Monthly*, not only for its own intrinsic merits, but for inducing the conductors of the first-named excellent *Miscellany*, to bestir themselves more actively, than while they lay upon their oars without a rival to compete the prize of public favour.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

From want of space, we must omit a notice of Lacretelle's French History, which we ought to have presented to our readers ere now—as it has been published for some time in Paris; but we believe it will still be new to the majority of the Irish public. Indeed we have already hinted at the paucity of foreign books in this country, when speaking of the *Foreign Literary Gazette*; and we since find in that publication a similar complaint respecting England—though we cannot entirely agree in the causes assigned for such a deficiency; for we have not observed the strain of immorality pervading foreign books to which it is there attributed. This term, by the bye, is so wide in its signification, that when what is *foreign* is objurgated, it sounds something like illiberality. That there is much improper matter in some of the books printed on the continent, is a matter of equal notoriety and regret; but candour compels us to acknowledge that the press of England is scarcely more pure, and especially in some public papers, which meet the public eye—even more than books. We would submit to all unprejudiced men, whether it is not rather ignorance, than a dread of mental pollution, that prevents us from acquiring and reading more foreign authors. To promote and strengthen the taste for foreign literature of a valuable kind, will be, from time to time, our object in these columns—reviewing foreign works of merit as soon as we can obtain them, and giving, occasionally, a general sketch of the state of literature upon the continent; for which purposes we shall make arrangements to render our notices both interesting and instructive, to the utmost of our power.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, January 23, 1830.

Everything here seems frozen up; the publishers' purses are certainly so—for they have given us nothing good during the last month. Indeed anything that did not treat on cold would be considered out of season; for in every Salon, stories of the calamities caused by the weather are repeated and listened to with avidity: some of these are frightful in the extreme—but, as they do not accord with the nature of your publication, I shall not trouble you with them. Perhaps you will be pleased to find that the excessive frigidity of the present winter does not, however, entirely confirm the prediction of the Italian philosopher, that we should, about this time, be nearly frozen up. The *Moniteur* has devoted nearly two columns to a refutation of the doctrines of M. Fourier, on the progressive congelation of the globe. According to M. Fourier, the earth is to go on gradually cooling, until the temperature becomes such as to destroy human life; but we are assured by the *Moniteur*, that the changes which the earth has undergone, and is undergoing, in the mode of cultivation, the forming of canals, drawing of water, &c. are more than equal to counteract this gradual cooling; and it shows that in countries which have recently undergone the process of civilization, such as America, there has been a sensible increase of temperature. In this article there is a table, showing the greatest degree of cold in Paris, during each year, for the last 160 years. From this it appears that the coldest day was the 25th

of January, 1795, and the next in rigidity, the 18th January, 1709; in 1776 there were twenty-five days of consecutive frost; in 1703, sixty-nine days; in 1795, forty-two days; and in 1798, thirty-two days—thus showing, saith the *Moniteur*, that the winters do not, as persons pretend, become more severe every year. It appears certain, from this table, that the cold in France has been, in former years, more intense than during the present year; but it is generally admitted that on one or two days during the last week, it was almost as great as was ever known. What has been felt in Paris, however, is nothing, compared with Russia; there the winter is described as even more severe than that which was so disastrous to the French army. It is stated in a letter from St. Petersburg, of the 29th December, that the thermometer stood, on that day, at 26 degrees.

The French Government are using great exertions to dispense with the use of foreign productions. The great success which has attended the cultivation of beet root for sugar, has induced them to turn their attention to another branch of industry, the growth of silk. They are now offering premiums for the largest quantity of land, planted with mulberry trees, and for the best specimens of silk produced in France. It is found that the silk worm, properly attended to, will thrive well in a northern climate; and that the mulberry tree, in addition to its utility as yielding food for the silk worms, gives excellent wood for the construction of wine casks, and imparts a grateful flavour to the wine, whilst the fruit is excellent for fattening poultry and pigs. A more rapid mode, however, of obtaining mulberry leaves than the common process of planting, is recommended. The mulberry seed is to be sown on land previously well manured. In the following year the young leaves are to be plucked from the shoots, and the shoots cut off—the process being repeated as long as fresh shoots are thrown out; the roots are then to be grubbed up, and the land, after being again manured, is to be re-sown. *Might not this hint be taken up in Ireland*, where the production of silk might, under proper management, become a profitable branch of industry?

Another letter from M. Champollion, of a later date than that which appeared last week, is published in the *Moniteur*. That which now appears is the 16th; it does not, however, contain any details of peculiar interest.

By the last arrival from Egypt, there has been received a file of the newspapers published at Boulac, under the authority and protection of the Vice-Roy, and with the title of the *Egyptian Journal*: it contains regular reports of all the debates in the National Council, particularly a speech of the Vice-Roy's son, Ibrahim, in which he declares to the assembly that his father is resolved to remain at peace with all countries, and to improve the condition of their own. There is a notice in one of these papers of the construction at Alexandria under the direction of M. Seresi, a French engineer, of a new arsenal and dock-yard, for vessels of the line and frigates. 1697 workmen are employed in ship-building, casting of cannon, &c. and there are upwards of 500 clerks and officers. The Vice-Roy has established, with the National Council, a new Penal Code, from which I extract the following:

"The punishment for theft, where the amount stolen is more than 1000, and less than 5000 piastres, a year and a half in the

galleys; for 5000 to 10,000, two years; 10,000 to 20,000, two years and a half; 20,000 to 40,000, three years; 40,000 to 60,000, three years and a half; 60,000 to 100,000, four years.

"All governors and other officers, whether military or legal, who are guilty of corruption or injustice, are to make full reparation to the amount of the injury, and to be afterwards imprisoned, by way of punishment, for different periods, according to the extent of the offence.

"Assassins, murderers, and coiners, are sentenced to the galleys for life."

C'est ainsi qu'en partant je vous fais mes adieux.
X.

London, January 26, 1890.

The last week was rather a busy one among the publishers; Colburn and Bentley, who send out works with almost as much rapidity as a Manchester manufacturer turns out cotton goods, published five or six new books, two of which are, from their nature, calculated to excite interest. These are: *Lander's Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition*, and *Colman's Random Records*. It is generally known that Mr. Lander, who recently sailed from this country with his brother, on an expedition to Africa, under the orders of government, was servant to Captain Clapperton in the expedition which cost that enterprising traveller his life. Mr. Lander, who seems to be a man of strong mind, now publishes these accounts, which, if Captain Clapperton had lived, would have been given to the world by that gentleman, they are full of interest, and I might add, were it not for the painful accounts of illness and suffering endured by the travellers, highly amusing. It is impossible, however, to peruse without pain, a narrative which describes the deaths of every member of the expedition, except the author, who, but too probably, is destined to pay the forfeit of his enterprise in the present undertaking. The account which he gives of his being courted by a wealthy and fat black widow, named Zuma, who fancied herself a fit wife for a white man because she happened to be herself one shade lighter than the blackest inhabitant of the town in which she lived, is very ludicrous. This lady, who owned a thousand slaves, and who was beloved by the king, warmly besieged the heart of Mr. Lander, and finding herself repulsed, transferred her affections to Captain Clapperton, with whom she was equally unsuccessful. When Captain Clapperton quitted the place of her residence, she followed him, and was near sacrificing the life of her adored, owing to the jealousy of the monarch, both travellers however escaped; one for a short time, and the other to return in safety to Europe. Mr. Colman's *Records* are interesting as mere reminiscences of a man who has lived in all sorts of society, but they are ill written and will not attract much notice.—Among novels, that which is most talked of is, *The Lost Heir*, by Mr. Power, of Covent Garden Theatre. The story turns upon a conspiracy said to have been formed by four persons to rob a child of its inheritance. The advertisements announcing the appearance of this book, inform us that the story is founded on fact, and that the parties are now living, whether this be so or not we cannot determine, it is, at any rate, a well written work, and must take a leading place in every circulating library. Mr. Moore's

Life of Byron continues to sell well, but it is questionable whether it will do more than repay the publisher his outlay. The public are told that Mr. Moore received £4000 for the manuscript of this work, and this I can readily believe, knowing, as I do, that he was offered £500 for a single article as a contribution to the *Keepsake*. It is with literary men as with those of every other profession, they receive something for their labour, but the great bulk for the reputation which they have acquired. It is said by those who must know the fact, that there are now living eight favourite authors who do not receive, collectively, less than £50,000 per annum for their contributions. There is very little news in the literary world, the chief topic of conversation is the Chancery suit relative to the Opera which Rossini undertook to write when he was in this country. It is scarcely credible, that although two thirds of this opera, for which he was to receive, when finished, one thousand pounds, are completed, the *Maestro* is too indolent to write the remainder, and seeks to recover possession of his manuscript, and of £400 which he is said to have deposited as a guarantee for the performance of his contract.

PRIVATE LETTER.

London, Tuesday Evening.

You may consider yourself fortunate, my dear President, in having prompt friends in this Babylon of the nations. What we lack in wit we shall make up in zeal; and I take credit to myself for being the first to transmit the true intelligence of the Election at the Royal Academy, about which the Courier has made so great a blunder, and been copied by divers of his brethren. Wilkie, you must know, is not the man. On Monday night the members met in the Council Chamber—and, as these things 'are a care unto us,' we were there, and like faithful spirits hasten to communicate with you touching the result. They proceeded to the election of a President in the room of the late lamented Sir Thomas, and the decision of the Academicians was in favour of OUR GIFTED COUNTRYMAN, MARTIN ARTHUR SHEE.

Mr. Shee as a portrait painter, cannot be said to hold the highest rank, even in this department of art, which is often designated, as the *inferior*, but to which we are, after all, mainly indebted for the high station British art holds on the continent. It may therefore be a matter of astonishment to many, that the choice did not fall upon a more distinguished artist—his Portraits are not equal to those of some long established favourites—yet his *drawing* is always graceful, and his likenesses correct. The President of our Royal Academy is the connecting link, as it were, between the nobility and the professors of art. Mr. Shee is not only a gentleman—but an *Irish* gentleman, consequently the most perfect gentleman that can be imagined—equally free from the frivolity of the French and the stiffness of the English. We imagine that to this circumstance, in a great degree, he is indebted for his present elevation—he is also gifted with the power of producing effect upon an audience by ease of delivery, and eloquence of language. Mr. Shee is known as a poet of no ordinary talent—his "Rhymes on Art" have been and are deservedly popular. We have heard him "pour forth eloquent discourse" at dinners of the "Artists benevolent fund," and we feel

assured that few men could deliver the academic lectures with greater ability or more credit. In private life he is much and deservedly esteemed.

Wilkie declined the contest, but is appointed principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty.—The poet Campbell is to be the biographer of the late president—and is about to visit the west of England to ascertain all and every thing worth knowing on the subject—he was the friend also of Sir Thomas Lawrence, and is well calculated for such an undertaking.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

The first general meeting of this learned body, for the year 1890, took place on Monday, the 25th of January; the Hon. and Rev. J. Pomeroy in the chair, Dr. Mac Donnell, F.T.C.D. acting secretary. Several members were ballotted for, and Baron Cuvier was admitted an honorary member. A place in the Council of polite literature and antiquities, vacated by the resignation of Doctor Robert Graves, the great ornament and support of our school of physic in Ireland, (who was, we exceedingly regret to hear, for a short time very alarmingly ill,) was also filled up; the election fell upon the Rev. Edward Johnston.

Professor Hamilton of our University, read a very curious and important paper upon Functions, from which it appears, that he has discovered a fundamental principle adopted by Lagrange, and all former writers on this subject, to be erroneous. We shall give an early notice of the contents of this paper, so interesting to men of science, as indeed every discovery must be, which comes from this most profound and extraordinary man.

An engraved fac-simile of the characters traced upon a brick of Babylon was exhibited; and a conjectural interpretation of some of the characters upon another, was submitted to the meeting. The seal of the Academy was affixed to the accounts prepared by the Treasurer, for the Commissioners of public accounts.

We rejoice to observe that both the purchases and premiums of the Academy, have latterly been so judiciously directed towards the acquisition of the best and most authentic information, on the History, Antiquities, and Literature of Ireland. Many of the recent additions to the library, have been most important. We sincerely congratulate the Academy on having secured, for so small a sum as fifty pounds, the invaluable English-Irish Dictionary, compiled by Crabb, and presented by the late Mr. Burton Conyngham, to General Vallancey. We shall give the very curious history of this M.S. volume, for which we are indebted to the learned and able historian of Galway, through whose intervention it was purchased, for the R. I. A. whenever our space will permit.

THE THEATRE.

THE Theatre re-opened on Monday evening, after a weeks recess, with Bickerstaffs Comedy of the Hypocrite, for the purpose of introducing Mr. Dowton, after an absence of two years, in the character of Doctor Cantwell, in which he has acquired so much and deserved celebrity. Our readers are aware that the part is an adaptation of the Tartuffe of Moliere, and had that great master of human nature witnessed Mr. Dowton's performance of the wily hypocrite on Monday night, he would have beheld the re-